TYBURN's Courteous Invitation
TO
TITUS OATES.

OH! name it once again; will *Titus* come?
My deareſt, hopeful, that long-wiſh'd-for One,
For whom my *Triple Arms* extended were,
(To hug with cloſe Embraces) many a year.
Haſt! haſt! my choiceſt Darling, whom I love,
And thy long-promis'd kindneſs let me prove.
That *Right* Thou plead'ſt for, which indeed's thy due,
Though Others I've deny'd, I'll grant it You:
The World ſhall find I willingly will bear,
And dance thy Carcaſs 'twixt the Earth and Air.
In *Hemp'n-ſtring* I'll lull thee faſt aſleep,
And prevent all the Dangers of the Deep.
Oh, how I love thee! 'cauſe I've heard thou'ſt been
So well acquainted with all kinds of Sin,
And, with a falſe and ſtrange Religious Guiſe,
Deſtroy'd the *Innocent*, abus'd the *Wiſe*.
What crafty Leſſons didſt thou teach to men!
How to Rebell, and told the time beſt *when*;
Urg'd to Exclude a Right and Lawful Heir,
Unthrone a King, and ſwore away a Peer.
Thy *Zeal* through two-inch-Boards was plainly ſeen,
When *Satan* prompt thee t'ſwear againſt the QUEEN:
Beſides thoſe many guiltleſs Souls that dy'd
A Sacrifice to thy *Lucif'rian* Pride.
Yet, yet, beloved *Titus*, my dear Son,
(Reputed SAVIOUR, for thy Mercies ſhewn,)
There's ſomething ſtill does add to make thee Great,
Thy *Blaſphemy*, thy *Perjury*; and yet
With *Buggery* methinks I am well pleas'd,
Though done by force, for then thy Pocket's eas'd.
By many other Favours Thou haſt ſhewn,
And well maiſt claim my Palace as thine own:
Thou'lt find me kinder far than Courtiers; I
will never turn thee out until thou die:
And, ſince *White-hall* has left thee, I'll provide
That Lodging for Thee, where old *Noll* was ty'd.

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